

Jim Cameron's Wine Cellar

Small subterranean lake with exposed sandbar in the center. Luminous molds of varied color and brightness paint the walls. A waterfall pours from a barrier vaguely north.

On the sandbar is a cube-shaped structure, a geometrically flawless black stone building about the size of a Zoffee, or Tim Hortons. There's an entrance, but no door.

Cold here, too.

Space inside the building is empty, save for a grove of thin, elegant trees growing into and through the floor. The trees are quasi-Aspen, unnaturally smooth and black. Leaves are a kind of living silver foil.

Lightly flowing stream enters the room from the west. Hm.

Grove center is a perfectly finished hole, the opening to a vertical shaft. Water from the western stream pours right into it. The shaft has an isolated black steel ladder, going down.

At the bottom of the ladder is a modestly sized wine cellar. The cellar is colored on a palette of black and crushed greys, with differing sheens and texture. The scheme produces a kind of *endlessness* feeling.

Light comes from nowhere. It seems to be in all the right places, or not.

The wine cellar has six-hundred bottles, all of fine vintage, each perfectly stored.

If you pay attention (or just get lucky) you'll discover the single distinctive bottle of the collection, one not like the others at all.

That particular bottle (a Pinot) originates off-world. It's the only reason the cellar is here.

End Transmission.